VOL. XI. No. 1.

THE UNDERGRADUATE.

FOUNDED IN 1875.

Middlebury College, October, 1885.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	Page
EDITORIALS,	1
LITERARY:	
Duck Shooting, H. N. Winchester, '87.	3
Poem,	4
Mephistopheles, (*Poem*) A. E. Clark, 71. [Delivered before the Alumni of Middlebury College, June 30, '85.]	5
A Plea for the Individual, Gerald S. Lee, '85.	7
Exchanges,	9
Personals,	10
Town and Campus,	11
College Notes,	13
Sporting,	14
Reviews,	14
Plunder,	15

MIDDLEBURY:
REGISTER COMPANY, PRINTERS,
1885.

Middlebury College,

FOUNDED IN 1800.

THE COLLEGE is finely located in the midst of a beautiful park in the village of Middlebury, Vermont The locality is healthful, and the College offers the advantage of thorough instruction at a moderate cost

The requirements for admission and course of instruction are as follows:

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION.

LATIN.—Latin Grammar, including the Rules of Prosody and Scanning; Cæsar's Commentaries, three books, or Sallust's Conspiracy of Catiline; Cicero, six orations, including the four against Catiline; Virgil, six books of the Æneid; Arnold's Latin Prose Composition to the VIIth Chapter, or Allen's to the 24th Lesson.

GREEK.—Greek Grammar; Xenophon's Anabasis, three books; Homer's Iliad, two books; Jones' Greek Composition, twenty lessons.

Ancient and Modern Geography, Greek and Roman History.

Arithmetic; Algebra through Quadratics and three books of Wentworth's Geometry.

Real equivalents will be accepted in place of any of the Latin or Greek authors named above.

COURSE OF INSTRUCTION.

FRESHMAN CLASS—Latin Grammar, (Harkness): Latin Prose Composition, (Arnold); Latin Synonyms, (Dœderlein); Selections from Livy; some Philosophical Treatise of Cicero; Horace's Odes and Epodes; Xenophon's Memorabilia; Herodotus; Homer's Odyssey; Greek Composition, (Jones); History and Antiquity; Etymology and Syntax of the Greek Verb, (Goodwin); Algebra, (Wentworth); Geometry, (Wentworth); Rhetoric, (Kellogg).

SOPHOMORE CLASS.—Horace's Epistle and Satires; Tacitus; Juvenal or Persius; Exercises in Writing Latin; Demosthenes; Sophocles; Plato; Boice's exercises in Greek Syntax; Analytical Geometry, (Briggs'); Trigonometry, Plane and Spherical, Mensuration, Surveying, with practice in the field; Navigation, (Wentworth); Calculus, (Loomis); Trench's English Past and Present.

JUNIOR CLASS—Otis' Elementary German; Goethe's Prose; Ganot's Physics; Newcomb's Astronomy; Chemistry, (Elliot and Storer); Botany, (Gray); Rhetoric, (Whately); Logic, (Jevons).

SENIOR CLASS.—Political Economy, (Cary, Fawcett); International Law (Woolsey); History of Civilization (Guizot); Butler's Analogy; Fine Art, (Torrey); Natural Theology, Moral Science, (Calderwood); Psychology, (Lectures); History of Philosophy, (Schwegler); Geology, (Dana); Zoology, (Orton); English Literature, (Shaw); Forensic Discussions; Review of Studies of the Year.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Instruction is given chiefly in connection with text books, but in each department lectures are given by members of the Faculty.

In the study of Chemistry unusual facilities are offered. Each student is expected to do practical work at the tables furnished in a neatly fitted and well-equipped Laboratory.

In Natural History, besides the text-book exercises, frequent dissections are made before the class pursuing Zoology. Field work is done by the class in Botany, and expeditions into the surrounding country by the class studying Geology. A herbarium is prepared by each student of Botany and prizes are awarded for the best collections.

An extensive and completely arranged Cabinet of rocks, minerals and fossils is designed for the constant use of the class in Geology.

The Cabinet and Museum contain a large number of specimens, and are designed especially for the use of the classes in Natural History. The specimens are all placed under their respective classes, are newly arranged in the new cabinet, and are conspicuously labeled.

The College Library contains 13,000 volumes, and a permanent fund has been recently established for its enlargement, and a thousand dollars is to be expended during the fall term for new books. The books are conveniently arranged in the new library room and are open to the students from 12 to 2 o'clock.

A College Reading Room, free to all, has periodical literature on file.

The instruction aims to be practical as well as theoretical, and for this reason, in Surveying and the use of the Transit, field practice is given.

There are also numerous prizes offered for excellence in the different departments. These, in connection with the liberal aid by scholarships furnished to those whose circumstances require it, render the tuition of many practically free, and no young man of energy need be deterred by financial considerations from entering the College.

Board at the Boarding Hall for $2 00 per week.

CALENDAR.

1884. Sept. 11.—Fall Term begins, Thursday.
Dec 23—Fall Term ends, Tuesday.
Winter vacation of two weeks.
1885. Jan. 8.—Winter Term begins, Thursday.
March 24.—Junior Exhibition, Tuesday evening.
March 24.—Winter Term ends, Tuesday.
Spring vacation of two weeks.
April 9.—Spring Term begins, Thursday.
June 23—Annual Examination begins, Tuesday.
June 28.—Baccalaureate Sermon and Anniversary of Philadelphian Society, Sunday.
June 30.—Anniversary of the Associated Alumni, Tuesday.
July 1.—Commencement, Wednesday.
Summer vacation of ten weeks.
Sept. 10—Fall Term begins, Thursday.

For Catalogue and any information, address the President,

CYRUS HAMLIN,
Middlebury, Vt.

The Undergraduate.

VOL. XI. MIDDLEBURY, VT., OCTOBER, 1885. NO. 1.

THE UNDERGRADUATE

Published Monthly During College Year.

H. L. BAILEY, '86, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
J. T. CLARK, '87, *Assistant Chief and Reviews.*
W. M. ROSS, '86, *Personals.*
A. VARNEY, '86, *Town and Campus.*
H. N. WINCHESTER, '87, *Exchanges.*
F. C. LANGWORTHY, '87, *College Notes.*
E. D. HOWE, '87, *Sporting and Plunder.*

J. A. FLETCHER, '87, *Business Manager.*

TERMS:

One College Year, - - - $1 00
Single Copies, - - - - 12

Address all communications to EDITOR UNDERGRADUATE, Middlebury, Vermont. No anonymous communication will be noticed.

Address all business communications regarding subscriptions or advertisements to the Business Manager.

EDITORIALS.

WITH this number begins the eleventh volume of the UNDERGRADUATE. How this volume will compare with those that have preceded it we cannot prophecy. The fewer promises we make, the fewer there will be to break; and acting on this principle we do not propose to fill two or three columns per month with rash promises of future improvement. On the other hand, we intend to let the paper speak for itself. If we make improvement, let us know that we are doing well; if we make mistakes, give us some suggestions, that we may improve.

A glance at the board of editors reveals a slight change, Mr. Winchester taking Exchanges in place of Mr. Zelie, who has gone to Williams College, and Mr. Langworthy taking the place of Mr. Knapp, who is now in Europe. Mr. Fletcher continues to act as Business Manager, and will be glad to receive a dollar from every one who has not a receipt for subscription to June, 1886.

THE annual October holiday, which according to tradition is the time for a college hunt, has this year been put to another use, which has proved perhaps not a bad innovation on the old custom. The success of the holiday in the old way entailed the slaughter of considerable game in the adjacent country. This was an objection with those who did not know a sportsman's desire, while the most ardent squirrel hunter recognized as an insuperable difficulty the fact that there was little game to be got. From the almost fabulous records of hunts held long since. we do not wonder that this generation finds a scarcity of game in these parts. Whatever unusual freedom the town enjoys from disturbance by feline murderers of sleep is due, from all accounts, to the extraordinary efforts of this college in former years for the indiscriminate extermination of animal life, whether legitimate game or not. We submit it to our readers, if the change is not a good departure.

This year the Faculty on the petition of the College declared college exercises suspended from Thursday noon, October 15, to the noon recitation the following Monday. A game was played by the college nine both Friday and Saturday afternoon and a tennis tournament for doubles and singles was contested both days. The weather happened to be particlarly pleasant, and the interest shown in the games was unusual. The enthusiasm displayed both in foot ball and tennis this year is marked, and a promising sign. We are to be congratulated on the number of good tennis players we have developed since the game was introduced. If the proposal that the tennis court be covered over with some weather-proof building, could be realized, we might keep our muscles in shape this winter.

IT has bəen suggested that the reading room be furnished with lights so that it may be enjoyed after the routine of the day is done with. An hour or two in the early evening is perhaps the most convenient time to spend there. It is a pleasant room, and well-lighted and with a rousing fire, we prophesy it

would be a popular resort in the long winter evenings. The want in human nature of some such place where you can 'drop in' is felt especially when the dreariness of winter aggravates a man's solitariness. The tap-room, or whatever takes its place less picturesquely in these days, is a long-proved necessity of any community; some place where men can meet each other if merely "out of a taste for dialogue."

There is no telling what *noctes ambrosianae* may result from the expense of a little cheer in the shape of kerosene.

IT seems, according to some paper, that there are no less than sixteen colleges in this country in want of a President, so that we are not alone in that predicament. The position is certainly nowhere a sinecure, and least of all in a colle ge where it is a constant struggle to keep its head above water, of which there are too many instances. And in few cases is there an adequate salary. In fact the advertisement of many President-less colleges would call for "some earnest, enthusiastic, cultured young man to whom money is not a consideration." Unfortunately this combination is not easily found. Young men who answer the first requirements are not found much among the independently rich, but generally have their bread to win and to make the very most of their endowments, which would not be accomplished by allying their fortunes with institutions whose survival is precarious. This is so far at least a practical age that there are fewer unworldly, unselfish enthusiasts than we read about. Too often young men who have assumed the charge of some college, making its interests their own, have worn their lives out with it, unable to free themselves from its claims, and grown gray still feeling its burden. Even if the salary were reasonably large there is too much risk of using the best years of a man's life to no effect.

IT is a pity that the prohibition of foot ball at Harvard,and the restriction of the game by the Princeton faculty to college grounds, will put an end to the interesting exhibitions the teams of these colleges and of Yale used to afford the public at the Polo grounds in New York city. The annual Thanksgiving-day game there had got to have an interest not merely for college portisans, but had the same attraction for the public in general as a mill between popular prize-fighters seem to have. It was very interesting, and the more blood drawn and bones broken, the more popular it was. If there had been some unusually severe tussle, some outrageous personal assault resulting in mained limbs and dangerous contusions the papers wrote it up in lhe liveliest colors and counted on a large circulation the next morning. But last year things culminated when the whole town was agog the next day about the fracas between the Yale and Princeton teams which all the papers had done full justice to, the *Sun* giving it several columns on the first page done in its best prize-fighter's phraseology. It could go no farther and be countenanced. The faculties were driven to take summary measures and, alas, this glory of collegians has been taken away.

ARE we to conclude from Dr. Hamlin's going into the cultivation of vegetables at his new home in Lexington, that he has turned Pythagorean, or that he is only combining profit and pleasure on the theory that "*omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci*?" He will not be the first philosopher who has come in later life to regard the cultivation of a garden as the greatest pleasure.

THE desks on which the papers are filed in the reading-room seem to be over-crowded. More than one paper is put on the same file and others are thrown loose on the table. The result is that a copy is now and then lost, whereas if they were properly filed the volume could be kept intact. All that is needed are additional desks.

A CONVENIENT division of reference cards has been made by the librarian. The cards are now separated as they refer to books by their title or author. The books are found more readily than if the cards were all together.

THE long-promised English Professorship has been established and we can congratulate ourselves that so worthy a gentleman fills the chair. If we will now fall in with the desires and plans of the Faculty, a harmonious advancement will repay us for our compliance.

INDISCRIMINATE applause in rhetoricals, has long been a vulgar and senseless piece of rowdyism, and though confined to the lower classes has been encouraged by the upper classes.

Boys do stop "clapping for the cook."

LITERARY.

DUCK SHOOTING.

This autumn weather suggests the beautiful Indian summer of Minnesota, and Minnesota (cloudy waters) suggests wild fowl.

After existing through a winter whose mean temperature was 40° below zero, I began to tire of in door confinement and when spring came and winter's grasp on pond and lake began to relax, I cleaned up my Clabrough, loaded my shells and morning after morning scanned with anxious eyes the southern horizon, for the fowl which inhabit the cloudy waters of the park region. Finally they came, and the sight was one which can not be seen on every migration of wild fowl. They usually travel nights and you awake to find birds of all sorts present. One morning as I left the house my attention was attracted to some swiftly coming specks, which as they neared I recognized as canvas-backs. Anticipation of baked duck stuffed with oysters sent me back into the house for my gun. Coming out I ran at the top of my speed for an open place in a neighboring lake. Arrived there I got under cover and waited. I had seen the advance guard for on the far horizon in clouds instead of flocks they came swiftly and joyfully on, mallards, geese and cranes, and the long silent prairie resounded with their cries, the sweetest music to my ears. Get to cover quick, for there they come, a flock of green-headed and red-tipped mallards! Without any reconnoisance they make for the open water in front and just as they settle I fire, and thus cruelly receive the spring bringers. I get two, and with eagerness I admire their beautiful plumage and plump forms, fatted on the rice fields of the south. Yes, mother will bake them and hurrah for something better than tough beef. Though I remained some hours longer at my post I got no more shots, but I was interested in the remarkable procession over my head. Towards noon the flight began to include the ordinary birds, blackbirds with red wings, blackbirds with yellow heads and blackbirds with glossy purple necks and bluish black heads, robins, plover, snipe and hawks of all species. The blackbirds made the most fuss, and I watched them arrive with great interest. Flying low, they perched in flocks on the reeds and passed from one lake to another just as if they had been always there.

One evening a few days later I took up my position on a point jutting into a large lake where I expected to do some shooting. As night came on the ducks which had been flying very high through the day, began to think of supper, and consequently made for open water. As they came down from that great height at full speed I missed quite a number as they passed me until I found that I must aim from three to five feet ahead of them, so great was their speed. I kept my position until after dark, and was well repaid. I heard them flying over my head with that hissing which told me that flocks of teal had arrived from the gulf; then a peculiar rush of wings, and, I would say, "There go some canvass-backs," and then some bird would come hurtling through the air, and I would hear him strike the water in the lake and splash across the waves. It was strangely fascinating that evening, while I listened to the almost incessant whiz of the ducks as they came over-head and struck the water. A duck can light on the water when he approaches it at the top of his speed. He comes down toward it with his head out and just as he is within a foot of the surface he throws his wings out, draws up his head, puts out his feet and strikes the water in an almost upright position.

Of course a four pound duck makes a great splash and you wonder they don't batter themselves all up, striking the water in their apparently reckless way. Well, on this particular evening of which I am speaking, after each duck struck the water I would hear the peculiar cry of the species to which the belated wanderer belonged, and it would be answered by a flock somewhere. Silence would ensue for some time and then a flock of butter-balls would begin their peculiar br-rr-rrr, which would start every bird on the lake, all apparently saying, "Oh, shut up; can't you let us rest?" The boy who hasn't got up before breakfast to go shooting has missed something. Come with me to Traverse Lake and try it. Let us suppose that we have driven through a drizzly cold rain some twenty-five miles and have arrived at our headquarters for the night. We stable our horse in a straw-roofed shed and drag our stiffened limbs into the house; after supper we seek our beds and go to sleep at once, to dream of stopping "incomers" or of making some long shots. After you have been asleep what seems to you about twenty minutes a heavy hand shakes you and a hoarse voice says "Roll out; its a lovely morn-

ing for ducks." "Night," you growl. "No, it's half past three. We have time to get a bite and get to the blind before it is light." Lovely! Hear it blow and rain. All the better, say the old ones of our party, and so in a disgusted and savage mood you get inside your clothes and outside of something hot and follow your guide down to your blind. You are to stand there and keep quiet until the ducks begin to fly. There is a grayish light in the east; the cold rain soaks into your clothes and you feel stiff. Qwa-qhwa from somewhere out on the lake rouses you a little and you can hear the wings of some passing fowl high in the air. But pretty soon you hear a sound which rouses you, drives the cold chills down your back and sets your heart to thumping; your gun is no longer cold, and your fingers even lose their numbness. You hastily exchange the shells in your gun for some B. B.'s and crouch still lower into the reeds. A tone musical to a sportsman's ear, hoarse and rich as it should be, suggestive of a good dinner with every thing that goes to make one's mouth water, comes down the wind. What the trumpet is to the war horse, is the honk-honk of the great Canada goose. The *bon vivant* of all fowl, his very cry suggests that he is too full of good things for utterance. But here they come and the grey forms loom up in the mist. "Quiet, now, Bruce, lie still, you rascal," and you clutch the collar of your over-eager dog, who is so inspired by the coming forms that he wants to jump up and see the sport. "No, yes, they are coming near enough for a shot. Steady, there now, aim a little ahead of that chap in front of the flock." Bang! Down he comes and now the flock huddle up in consternation. Give them your other barrel. Three down! Well, that is great, and now with the word the eager dog plunges into the icy waters and see the style he puts on; he can hardly drag the heavy bird to land, but once there he comes proudly up with head and tail erect and lays the trophies at your feet, with an air that says as plainly as words, "Ain't this great?" A dog enjoys success as much as a person, I think, and a good dog's love and sympathy are truer than those of mankind. Your shots have started the fowl on the lake, and avoiding your position they of course pass some one's else. There go a flock right over friend Ben's blind; they are rather high up. Will he chance a shot? Yes, you see a puff of smoke, one of the birds doubles up, and while he is falling you hear the report. In confusion the birds turn and you get a chance. It is a miss, and with a groan Bruce curls up to get warm. So it goes; some lucky shots and some inexcusable misses lend the fascination of chance to your sport. By nine o'clock the birds stop flying and you go back to the house with a light heart and a heavy load.

The afternoon shooting consists of stalking the ducks in the little ponds. This is a sure way to fill a game bag but has but little sport about it. As you go home in the twilight you see in upper air the light flash from the wings of a wild-fowl, and those beautiful lines of Bryant come unconsciously to your mind:

Whither midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed oeean ride?

Home is reached at last and by the bright fireside the day's sport is talked over and plans are made for the future. Not the least attraction is the contrast between the cheerless, bleak and dark out-of-doors and the cozy hearth with the jest and solid comfort that one physically tired can get out of a warm welcome and well-earned sleep.

SLOW browsing cow that with the rising sun
Your easy progress down the slope begun,
Whose spreading hoof paused now and then to wait
The lagging hours, as on a dial plate,
To cast your creeping shadow on the grass,
And mark by your descent how time doth pass.
As constant as the swing of day you go
Down to your goal, the bottom lands below,
And turning there when the heat's beam is tipped,
Snuff the cool turf, this morn you passing clipt.
Thus in calm round your quiet life is spent,
That bringeth you that slow-eyed, deep content.
Merged thus with time, you mark unknown its flight,
Unconscious of all else but mild delight.

Fun is cousin to common sense. They live pleasantly together, and none but fools try to divorce them.

LITERARY.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

[Delivered before the Alumni of Middlebury College, June 30, 1885.]

From out the gloom of blackest night,
Black with the total absence of light,
Out of the regions of deepest woe
Of unnumbered ages, in the long ago,
While Earth was yet vapor and nebulous dust
Without form and void, without sign of a crust,
There came into being a Spirit of Evil
Unnamed of itself, by Burns called the "*Deil;*"
A spirit immortal, with transcendent power
Roaming through space, seeking whom to devour;
A spirit diffused, whose viperous breath
Enveloped the earth like a vapor of death.
A being omnipresent, invisible, sly,
Unworthy of life, too wicked to die:
A being, a person, who boldly defies
Omnipotent power, and blandly denies
Allegiance to truth, and holds for his own
Dominion as wide as the zodiacal zone;
A strange contradiction to Heaven's decree
That Justice shall punish, in rightful degree
The spirit rebellious, whose life is a flaw
In the line of obedience to God's perfect law;
A strange force or power extant upon earth,
With license to prey upon man from his birth;
A license, the cup of each mortal to fill
To its utmost brim, with unmedicable ill;
A *carte blanche* commission all peace to destroy
And sport with each soul, as a child with its toy.
Wide license to grant the foe of a race
Of mortals unborn, whose coming apace
He notes with a laugh which echoes on high
And rings through the air like a terrible cry.

Alone on the mountains, whose feet guide the flow
Of Euphrates' dark waters as seaward they go,
He watches the dawning of the creative sixth day
When man shall be formed from insensible clay.
He waits for his coming, impatient to know
If man shall be able to battle his foe,
Restrict his dominion, dispute his claimed right
To rule through the day as well as the night.
Lo! now comes the dawn and far down the vale
The mists ride away upborne by the gale,
Revealing a landscape exquisitely rare,
Teeming with life, on land, in the air,
While far above all in Eden's fair bowers
Half screened from his view by many-hued flowers
Walked those for whose coming, with venomous hate,
This Spirit of Evil had long lain in wait.

Since the dawn of that bright morn,
Each rose of life has had its thorn,
Each ray of light, some shadow cast,
Each joy its sorrow, met at last.

As when the moon o'er-veils the sun,
Its opaque disc, with edges fret
By mountain peaks, appears like some
Dark face in blackest silhouette,
So on Hope's radiant shield of light
Upborne by mortals in the strife,
Are cast the shadows dark as night
Of blasted hope and withered life.

Shadows which fall in heaviest line
Across the paths that downward wend,
Where grief and misery intertwine
And death stands waiting at the end.

There never was shadow, wide as a hair,
But marked the presence of our hero there;
Never a spot on Hope's bright shield
But marked his victorious battle-field;
Never a sorrow by tears expressed
But came through him the self-confessed
Compounder of crime and "father of lies"
Whose eye never dims, whose strength never dies.

Such is the hero of my song,
The subject's bad, the same the verse,
The critics surely are not wrong
Who say that neither could be worse.

Though bad the verse as bad may be,
It may not be amiss to say
That it was made to match the D ——
Upon this, our Alumni Day.

And now methinks I hear you call
His name in full, but if you please
We much prefer that one and all
Should call him *Mephistopheles.*

Mephistopheles, a stranger (friend
To every one I know),
Seeks an introduction; and
If be your pleasure so,
I'll ask his majesty to send
His card to each of you,
And thus, perchance, you may extend
Acquaintance ere you go.

Don't wish his card! Don't care to see
This *quondam* friend to all!
Whom Eve met near the apple tree
In the garden before the fall!
Stop there! I see you are well informed—
In fact, I'm not surprised
That even under *a nom de plume*
He is quickly recognized.

Sinee then you scorn an interview
With the hero of my song,
Just give good heed while I review
His doings, *pro* and *con*,
And tell me true, when I am through,
If thus you've always done—
If always thus right prudently
His presence sought to shun.

If always thus each erring son
Had shunned an interview,
And mothers' daughters, every one,
Had done the same thing too,
What threads of joy the Fates had spun
To fill life's woof anew
With lines of life and happiness
That mortals never knew!

The German bard on lustrous page
  Portrayed poor Gretchen's wrong,
And sirens on the lyric stage
  Rehearse the same in song.
Mephistopheles walks with *Faust*
  As in the days of yore—
Ensnares the soul with devices
  Oft used by him before.

This spirit lurks in human hearts
  Whom Goethe never knew,
And shoots from ambush poisoned darts
  When *Gretchens* come in view.
He's always young—has always been
  A bright and sprightly blade;
If rejected here or there, finds room
  Elsewhere to ply his trade.

On many a dark historic page
  That shames the human race—
In every clime, of every age,
  His presence you may trace;
In lowest vale, on mountain top,
  And many a sacred place,
By footmarks in the hardening sands
  That time cannot efface.

On Shinar's plain, in slight disguise,
  He strove to build a fane
Whose crystal dome should kiss the skies,
  In honor to his name.
But when confusion smote the speech
  Of all his chosen bands,
In blindest rage he scattered each
  Throughout the distant lands.

When all were gone, and he alone
  Stood on the ruined fane,
And saw them vanish, one by one,
  Out on the distant plain,
He swore by every wasted tile
  In that unfinished tower,
He'd get right down and follow them
  Forever from that hour.

If in all else he's proved untrue,
  And justly been abhorred,
In this, at least, most faithfully
  Our hero kept his word.
Where'er you go, whate'er you do,
  Keep this one fact in view—
He's followed all who've gone before,
  And now he's after you.

He built the lofty pyramids
  In quaint Egyptian style,
And a labyrinth of palaces
  To enshrine a crocodile;
He sat with Pharaohs on the throne
  All sorrows to beguile,
And sought for Moses, while *he* took
  A boat-ride on the Nile.

He troubled Jacob, bewitched Saul,
  Paid David tribute due,
While Solomon surrendered all
  If history be true.

It matters not how many stalls
  Of fiery steeds we keep—
Or temples of gold, with gilded halls,
  For worship blindly seek.

Earth's richest trappings but invite
  Our hero's presence sure;
Fast horses are his great delight,
  Wild oats his sinecure.
The gilded halls and vestments rare,
  And palaces of gold,
Are but to him a fowler's snare,
  His victims to enfold.

He poured the wine at Belshazzar's feast,
  And reveled in the throng;
The mural writing but increased
  His ribaldry and song.
He was Alexander's right hand-man,
  He rode with Tamerlane,
And helped him build his monuments
  With heads of countless slain.

The coliseum's walls surround
  The fields where Christian life
Went out in death, when man and beast
  Closed in the unequal strife.
As raging storms in fury lash
  The ocean into foam,
So passion's fiery tempest passed
  Throughout the realms of Rome.

The sculptor's hand has often brought
  A tribute to his grace—
The faithful canvas often caught
  The image of his face;
Fair science wept when at his shrine
  Her knee was rudely bent
In sacrilege of truth divine,
  To mock the Omnipotent.

The Muses oft from lofty heights
  Like burning stars descend,
To kindle fires that only blight
  The fair abodes of men.
With measured step they sweep along,
  As sweeps the boatman's oar,
To mingle poison in the song
  Of bard or troubadour.

Then music lends alluring charms
  To what the bards express,
And welcomes all with open arms
  And many a fond caress.
Mephistopheles says he's a bard
  Whom musicians much admire—
That he always joins the opera
  And every country choir.

In college halls his name is found
  Enrolled with every class,
As groomsman for the classic steeds
  Which help the students pass
The lofty lines which Homer made
  Of idioms so intensely Greek
That all have died who ever learned
  Like Homer how to speak.

'Twas he who gave the freshmen salt,
And tied the chapel bell;
'Twas he who pitched the Campus hay
Down in the Campus well.
'Twas he who called the President "Prex"
And ran from morning prayers;
'Twas he who sowed at Junior "Ex."
Those supplemental "tares."

The eagle mounts on tireless wings
To bathe in fleecy clouds,
From mizzen mast the sailor swings
To sport on pliant shrouds;
So vaulting folly sometimes leads
The youth on pleasure bent
To dangerous heights and wrongful deeds
Without a wrong intent.

He revels in the coarsest oath,
And laughs in a perjured vow,
And guides the nib of the statesman's pen
As the farmer guides the plough.
He perches on the cardinal's hat,
And counsels bigotry;
He dances on the drunkard's glass,
And calls it jollity.

His "cloven hoof," his "twisted horn,"
And limbs of living flame,
His suit of black, his gleaming eyes,
Only exist in name.
And yet he lives and will outlast
The stars that fade at morn,
And flash his lightnings in the cups
Of beings yet unborn.

A fact stands out in bold relief,
Which thousands do confess,
That all true greatness lies
In truth and righteousness.
But where'er you go, whate'er you do,
Keep this one fact in view—
That, faithful to his Shinar vow,
The D——is after you.

A PLEA FOR THE INDIVIDUAL.

A MAN is a solitary organization. Every man is himself. You cannot find another like him. If you should barren the future, call back the past, search every corner of the present, all the vast furnishings of Creation could not supply his counterpart. He stands a lone being; yet there is something in him which makes him not quite alone. Like the beacon fires of our revolutionary fathers gleaming the signals of their mutual cause from mountain top to mountain top there are currents of sympathy that telegraph from soul to soul, flashing the course of common work and common dangers and common aspirations, until all humanity is united in one mighty current and the throbbings of human feeling override the globe.

The human race is like a vast orchestra with an infinite series of pieces and an endless range of notes. History is the echo of the terrible vibrations that have been sounding through the past. Nations are its noblest, grandest chords. Society its sweetest harmony. But it is a strange orchestra. It has no leader. A thousand million parts—the music of life is only gained when the triumphant strains of the majority drown the discords of the few.

I plead for the right, the duty, the honor, the nobility, of every part's playing the music of its own nature instead of conforming to the rest. Why this tyrannical infallibility of majorities? Why are the most the best? And are not the discords to be honored if they are honest? The object is not to play in pleasing harmony but *to play the right tune*. Truth is the only life. Conscience the only harmony, and God has placed that celestial chord in each individual soul; not between man and man, but creator and created.

Every great truth that has risen to a leading part in history and sounded the keynote of a new era and been the prelude of a new song among the people has started in an ugly discord.

Martin Luther struck a joyous note four centuries ago in the midst of the dirge-like strains of the time. That noble persevering discord finding a thousand answering thrills in the dying voices of the stake, caught up by the eager hearts of long-waiting peoples, swelling into the trumpet tones of an awakened intelligence, has culminated in the sublime hymn of our religious liberties whose divine harmonies ringing through the nations have raised mankind from the deadly dream of centuries and sounded the resurrection of human prospects! Has the world got through thanking God for that discord?

Did not the world of the time—the world of elegance, of fine critical sense of philosophy and learning, sneer, turn away its face, stop its ears? Did it not exhaust the whole scale of human feeling from condescending pity to awful curses upon the simple courage of the man who placed principle before harmony, God before man? The rage and horror of mankind gathered and turned its fierceness upon him. But

Men there are whose mighty purpose
Is as rocks that front the sea;
Men to them are ripples dashing
'Gainst the strongest things that be!

God made Martin Luther a world of his own. When conscience and opportunity met, men were not not in it. Luther got his thanks in heaven. He did not get them here. And the human race has been to school to itself four thousand years and has not learned that the best thanks are kept there and that all others are accidents. Yet has it learned from the accumulated noble lives of Time that God has written in the very a b c's of things that no man or no men can disgrace a man except the man himself.

God most honors the individual. And so has man eventually lost his wisdom, has had a way of coming a few generations late.

The past can be garnered in the influence of a few men. The history of the human race is the biography of a few individuals. Every epoch is the lengthened character, the multiplying energy of a single man who has risen above his fellows and walked forth from the contented littleness of his times in the heroism of a majestic discord!

If ten or fifteen men could be subtracted from history with all that their lives have brought into it, it would be like taking the figure 1 out of the number 1000; you would have a row of zeroes left. With the 1, 999; without it, 000. These men are the multiples of the race. The decimal points of human destiny! What is air without oxygen? And where are the glories of the clouds unless light is shed on them? These are names that span the centuries! and their stamp is branded into the laws and destinies of unborn nations! Character will outlast the Pyramids! Principles defy the elements! Deeds have an immortal posterity!

Conservatism belongs to mankind; progress to individuals. We are republicans. We exalt the individual. We make every man a monarch. But is there not a good deal of slavery lurking under the honors of royalty? We stand in awe of majorities. We throw down our sceptre at the feet of public sentiment. We live in mathematical times. We measure everything by quantity. But in the name of truth manhood is FORCE and not arithmetic! Human power has no more to do with numbers than character with length, breadth and thickness! Men are not counters. Human nature is not algebra. Society cannot compute it by the binomial formula. Men are not letters, the x's, y's and z's of life's problems with determinate necessary values. Men are unknown quantities and every man is the *assessor of his own value* and Heaven his only auditor.

Society is in league against the individual. It is a vast organization in the suppression of independent convictions among its members. A man is born. It takes hold of him in youth, it stereotypes him with the prevailing education. It determines the cut of his clothes and the cut of his opinions, it prescribes for him a moral character and doses him with prejudice. Instead of living out his own nature, life is laid before him like a copy book and he is instructed to copy society a mother. Yes, but does manhood need apron strings?

Such is the average social tendency; polite bondage! Originality is a crime. Living is conformity. Ability is imitation. The man who loves the truth for its own sake is called a dreamer and he who bravely lives and speaks his convictions, earns the title of a "crank." Manliness cowers before custom. Honesty retreats before politeness. Genius is a rebel. A new idea treason.

Society is a great leveler. It rolls its heavy mandates over the uneven wills of humanity and crushes them into fashionable sameness. As the surf of the sea thundering on the beach makes all the pebbles round, so society tries to grind the edges off of human beings; but the edges of some men are the best part of them. These edges are the means of progress, and are not the sea-pebbles ground smaller and smaller? If a man will give himself to majorities they will treat his manhood the same way. We were not made to fit into places assigned us but to carve out places that would fit ourselves. We live in mechanical times. We resolve society into a vast machine and set it to turning out men and women after the most approved pattern, rejecting those who will have a pattern of their own. As if the materials of the human heart could be worked like so much cotton.

The prevailing public sentiment tries to run the business of living like a huge foundry, turning humanity into moulds and casting them into shapes most in vogue.

Let this tendency go on. The world becomes a museum of common-places. Everybody is everybody else once again. Men are the echoes of the note that sounds the strongest. Sufficient men of individuality are kept in stock to keep the world going, but the rest are turned into walking mirrors and re-

flect the light that shines the brightest. But God made man a self-luminous body, each with an orbit of his own and not all the same.

Every man that walks the earth clothed in the dignity of simply being a human soul is a special contribution of the Creator, for a special purpose in the plans of the Universe, and the name that history or man blocks out in scorn or ignorance is set down in the Chart of Eternity in the place prepared for it, by the God, who guiding the stars through the highways of space, watcheth the falling of the sparrows and careth for the lilies of the field.

The royalty of manhood is its freedom. The glory of mankind is the privilege and possibility of its individuals. The strength of mankind is the independent thinking of its individuals, fused into intense convictions that are cast into heroic lives, standing like monuments of truth and righteousness dedicated to progress along the wastes of history, each a tribute of the past to the future, a triumphal tomb over the burial-place of old curses.

EXCHANGES.

Upon our shoulders has fallen the mantle of one "gone but not forgotten." We have to endure the slings and arrows of outraged exchanges in his stead, and to wade through the usual amount of old chestnuts which go the rounds for so long a time. Our predecessor now adorns old Williams, where may good fortune follow him, while we take up his task with many forebodings, well knowing that his place in our class and staff can never be filled.

Our departed brother in our issue for April wrote the following of the *Bowdoin Orient:* "The most welcome paper on the editorial table is the *Orient;* its editorials do not seem to be written for the simple purpose of filling out." We are glad to endorse it still. We rejoice with the *Orient* over Bowdoin's victory on Lake Quinsigamond. Bowdoin may well feel proud of her men, and we owe much to one of her ablest and most remarkable men, Ex-Pres. Hamlin.

The University Cynic contains a very readable sketch, "A Trip Across the Line," and a very interesting account of the early life and laws of the U. V. M. of seventy-six years ago.

The exchange editor of the *Colby Echo* raises his voice in criticism, and we agree with him that too little square work is done by many of our exchanges. The *Echo* is good all through; its literary department contains a well written retelling of a Norse tale, "Bolder, the Beautiful." "Zenobia" is good, and the writer has some of the imagination so necessary for historians.

The *Dartmouth's* staff have evidently put forth their best energies to keep up the general excellence characteristic of that journal. The author of "In a Railway Car" has an old head on young shoulders, and the sketch is truthful, and is of a kind too rare in most college journals. Many of us have had a like opportunity, and yet too few of us let imagination have play enough.

The *Lombard Review* is a "goody" from a one-horse institution out west somewhere. A glance at its directory shows that not a single great fraternity is represented there, and that *one* student is president of *three* societies! He must be a descendant of Mark Twain's concentrated inhabitant.

We acknowledge tne receipt of *The University* from Chicago, in which are incorporated the Weekly Magazine, the Educational News and the Fortnightly Review. It has no connection with any institution, but aims to reflect American scholarship in all its discussions of the topics of the day.

We can only acknowledge the receipt of the *North Western.* It does not fill our idea of what a journal from so large an institution should be.

The *University Review,* from Sedalia, Mo., is the latest effort in school journalism. The institution it represents is new, and the paper is edited by one of the professors.

The *News Letter* is a bright and able journal, ("co-ed") and we doubt not that it owes its success to the ladies on its staff. An especially able article on "The Natural Method" is a grateful relief to the usual vacation article of this part of the year.

As we read the *College Mercury* we were edified by the "Song of the Pen," and pleased with the general contents.

Another paper comes to our table with tne name *Town Topics.* It is published in New York, and is a New York journal devoted to society club life, art, drama, literature, fashion and sporting, arranged in a neat and attractive form. We shall be glad to see more of it.

The *University Press* and the *Badger*, each published weekly at the University of Wisconsin, have been consolidated and the name of the new paper is called the *Press and Badger*. A marked improvement over both the old papers is noticed in the new issue.

The UNDERGRADUATE acknowledges the receipt of the following exchanges: Bowdoin Orient, Colby Echo, College Mercury, College Rambler,Cynic, Dartmouth, Haverfordian, Irving Lit. Gazette, Lombard Review, News Letter, Northwestern, Oberlin Review, Town Topics, University, University Press and Badger, University Review, University Herald, Ariel, W. T. I.

PERSONALS.

The Alumni are requested to forward any information relative to former students at Middlebury which it may chance to be in their power to furnish.

This account of the reception to Rev. Dr. Hamlin, ex-president of the college, is from a recent issue of the Boston *Journal:* Three hundred ladies and gentlemen from Boston, Lexington and intermediate and surrounding towns thronged the Massachusetts House at Lexington on Tuesday evening as the guests of Rev. Edward G. Porter to do honor to Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D. D., LL.D., who has recently made himself a home on Bloomfield street, after having "founded a remarkable college in the Old World and rejuvenated an old college in the New World." Dr. Hamlin is 74 years of age; entered Bowdoin in 1830, and was graduated from Bangor Theological Seminary in 1837, and on Feb. 3, 1837, was commissioned under the A. B. C. F. M., as a missionary to Turkey. In 1860 he left the direct service of the American Board and became the founder and president of Robert college, Constantinople, one of the most important centres of influence in the world. In 1878 he retired from missionary labors and accepted a professorship in the Bangor Theological Seminary, and later became president of Middlebury college, Vermont, which position he resigned recently, and has taken up his residence in Lexington. It was a happy thought on the part of the Rev. Edward G. Porter to open the unique reception rooms of the Massachusetts House for so large a company to pay their respects to so distinguished a citizen. Addresses were made by Rev. N. G. Clark, D. D., secretary of the American Board, Deacon Ezra Farnsworth of Boston, Rev. Daniel March, D. D., of Woburn, Mayor B. B. Johnson of Waltham, Rev. Dr. T. W. Porter of Lexington. Rev. E. G. Porter presided with much grace. Among the prominent gentlemen present were Rev. A. S. Twombly, D. D., Rev. A. Fuller of Antab, Turkey, H. E. Cobb and Rev. Wolcot Calkins of Newton, Hon. J. G. Pollard and Rev. Charles Anderson of Woburn, Rev. R. B. Howard of the American Peace society, Thomas Todd of Concord, Rev. S. H. Hayes, Rev. S. S. Matthews and Albert Bowker of Boston, O. F. Bryant, esq., of the Chauncey Hall school and Rev. H. A. Hanaford of Bedford.—*Middlebury Register, Oct. 2.*

'32. Homer H. Stewart died suddenly yesterday afternoon in his office, No. 68 Wall St. He was born in Vermont seventy-five years ago. After being graduated from Middlebury College he settled in the western part of this State. He became prominent in politics as a Democrat, but soon after the formation of the "Free Soil" party became one of its followers and subsequently a Republican in the early history of that party. He was an enthusiastic worker for the party, but invariably declined political office, and refused an election to the Union League Club of this city. Since the war he took little active interest in politics. In 1868 he was elected president of the Continental Bank Note Company, which was later consolidated with the American Bank Note Company. Of recent years he has lived at Coxsackie.—*N. Y. Tribune, Oct. 6.*

'53. Rev. Geo. A. Weeks of Paris, Ky.. was in town during vacation and preached at the Episcopal church one Sunday.

'57. Loyal D. Eldredge, treasurer of Middlebury College, has gone to Minnesota and Iowa on professional business, and looking after some college moneys invested in the West.

'59. Rev. John G. Bailey of Windsor, Mo., handed in his resignation some time ago. News has just come that he has been induced to withdraw his resignation.

'59. Rev. S. L. Blake of Fitchburg, Mass., delivered the address at the centennial anniversary of the Cornwall Congregational churh, July 15.

'60. Rev. Giles F. Montgomery is now settled as pastor at Phœnix, N. Y.

'70. George H. Owen, late United States consul at Messina, has decided to open a school at Weisba-

den, Germany, for the education of young women. The school will be private and limited to 20 pupils. Several applications have already been received by Mr. Owen. He intends to leave America with his family about the middle of November.

'71. J. N. Mallory of Brandon, Vt., is now teaching at Keene, N. H.

'71. Hon. Walter E. Howard resumes his practice of law at Fairhaven, Vt.

'72. Rev. Kerr C. Anderson of Troy, N. Y., has resigned his pastorate there, wishing to change his residence to Scotland, his native land. He sails Oct. 21.

'72. Rev. H. M. Ladd lectured at Chautauqua during the season.

'73. Rev. Herbert M. Tenney of Wallingford, Conn, has accepted a call to the Madison Avenue church of Cleveland and is now in his new field of labor.

'74. Prof. C. C. Gove, for several years principal of Beeman academy, New Haven, Vt., has accepted the position of principal of Monson academy, Monson, Mass.

'76. Rev. Wm. A. Remele is preaching in Dakota.

'77. A. T. Stapleton is clerk in the Middlebury postoffice.

'82. C. D. Pillsbury is practicing law at Prospect, Ohio.

'82. Samuel J. Preston was married July 30 to Miss Susie Hosmer of Middlebury. He will continue teaching at Mamaroneck, N. Y., the coming year.

'83. Prof. John Kellogg died at his home in Benson, Vt., Oct. 5, of consumption. After graduating he taught at Troy Conference academy till his failing health stopped him. He then traveled some, seeking to gain strength, but to no purpose.

'83. C. M. Severance sailed Sept. 19, for Germany, where he will spend two years in study.

'83. Fred B. Sheldon is in town. This is Mr. Sheldon's boyhood home and he was for a number of years teller in the First National bank here. He is now cashier in the banking house of T. A. Kent of Cheyenne, Wyoming.—*Fairhaven, Vt, news in Rutland Herald.*

'84. F. B. Hyde is studying theology at Union Theological seminary, N. Y. city.

'84. G. E. Lathrop is now teller in a bank at Sioux Falls, Dak.

'84. C. R. Piper takes the place vacated by Lathrop at Concordia, Kan.

'85. J. A. Jones is taking a year of special study at Andover, Theological seminary.

'85. E. G. Jenks intends to study law at Chicago soon. He is at present at home at Poultney, Vt.

'84. G. S. Lee is in the Theological seminary at New Haven, Conn.

'85. G. P. MacGowan is in business in New Haven, Conn.

'85. F. T. MacLeod is at home at Halifax, N. S.

'85. W. N. Severance is at home at Manchester, Vt.

'85. M. A. Stapleton is studying law at St. Paul, Minn.

'85. J. V. Sturdevant is teaching at Westport, N. Y. He recently favored us with a call.

'86. B. F. Sharpe, with '86 for a time, will teach with Prof. Gove at Monson academy this year.

'87. George E. Knapp has gone to Germany for a year.

'87. John S. Zelie has gone to Williams college.

'87. F. A. Warfield of Amherst college has entered the Junior class.

'88. A. L. Foote is teaching somewhere in Michigan.

'88. J. J. Hassett is studying medicine in Baltimore, Md.

'88. Gard Maynard has entered the Sophomore class at Yale.

'88. E. J. Klock of Syracuse university has entered the sophomore class.

'89. L. W. Austin goes with his father, Prof. Austin, to Florida for the winter.

TOWN AND CAMPUS.

Oh ! what Freshmen !

No tin-horns this year.

Clean halls and quiet rooms.

Prof. Scott rooms in Starr hall.

Miss Twitchell has returned home.

Don't touch that arm. (kine-pox.)

Co-ed's. do not appear in '89. Too bad? ? ?

Miss Edgerton '87 has given several very pleasant card-parties.

Geo. Wales '87 has been appointed second assistant librarian.

The rink will be open Saturday as well as Wednesday afternoons.

Miss Belle Eells goes soon to attend a convent school in Canada.

The annual parade and supper of the fire company took place Oct. 6.

George says the package of books that come from Montreal must be fumigated.

T. M. Chapman and wife go this week to Rochester to attend a Masonic convention.

Our new professors, Wright of English literature and Scott of Latin are very well liked.

The Sophomore grins to hear the Freshman talk about the teachers up at the school.

Bicyclists seem to have almost disappeared. We now seldom see a wheel on the campus.

Several of the students attended the Sunday school convention at Burlington the last of last month.

Arrangements for "Field-day" have been made and we expect the time off the last of this week.

Lawn-tennis is the great game this fall. The new clay court is much better than the old grass one.

The society conventions occur soon. We have heard several speaking of going, but none have decided.

The card-party given by Mrs. Judd was a great success. The student feel the need of more such evenings.

The children's dime reception given at thə Congregational church was a novel and pleasant affair. The children were all there.

The game of polo played two weeks ago at Bond's rink, between the Bristol team and the Amateurs of Middlebury was won by Bristol.

Weddings have called away several students of late; Ned Allen to Rutland, Billings, Collins and others to New Haven on two different occasions.

Rev. A. E. Carpenter made the college a pleasant call. Our doors are always open to callers from down town. We would be glad to see more.

Miss Elga Stewart has made it very pleasant this term for those who play tennis. Her court is the best in town and all gladly accept invitations to play.

The card catalouge of the library is to be improved by separating the cards of authors from those of subjects. This will greatly facilitate the use of the catalogue.

There have been two class games of base-ball. The Seniors and Sophomores against the Juniors and Freshmen. The latter won both games, but only by three or four runs.

George Fletcher, brother of John, '87, and teller in the bank of this place, was married Thursday, Oct. 8, to Miss Murray of Clarendon. They are now in Washington.

The ladies of the Congregational church under the lead of Mrs. Beckwith have raised by subscription about $600 to fresco the walls and repaint the woodwork of the church.

The Sophomores at their class meeting elected E. J. Klock as president, organized a baseball nine with E. E. Howe as captain, and a foot-ball team with W. S. Edgerton as captain.

The Seniors being allowed to decide whether they should have composition work unanimously agreed to take it, and also requested extra work in English literature which was granted.

Clarence Harvey,'81 appeared with one of Daley's troops, in the character of Harry Damask in "A Night Off." The house was crowded. Clare was received with loud applause.

Wednesday, Sept. 30, the Ladies' Home Missionary society met at Mrs. Seely's. Gentlemen were invited to tea and the evening passed quickly with music, readings and social games.

The rink is again open. There will be music every Wednesday night. As yet the students have not skated much, but doubtless as the weather cuts off outdoor sports the rink will again be remembered.

Mr. Eldredge has righted many things that have heretofore been rather loose. The halls have been thoroughly cleaned as well as the whole campus. No slops are allowed to be thrown out of the windows or ashes left in the halls. Ball playing, near the buildings has also been forbidden. Mr. Eldredge wishes to do whatever he can for the students and expects them to be gentlemen.

It is said that one of the Freshmen will be a dangerous man in the hundred yard dash. The great trouble is that he needs somebody behind him. A good sample spurt was made last Saturday morning.

Pres. and Mrs. Brainerd gave another one of those popular students' sociables last Wednesday eve. That all had a very enjoyable time is unneccessary to add. Both the President and Mrs. Brainerd know well the part of host and hostess.

It is said that an ex-'87 man called on Prof. Scott, thinking the room was still occupied by Howe and Ross; then seeing his mistake and thinking the Prof. was a Freshman he enquired how he liked and tried to make himself as pleasant as possible.

Prof. Webber has the Seniors in Political Economy and Psychology. He is a fine instructor and seems to have found the hearts of his class and has deeply interested them in these subjects. Our faculty as a whole is especially fitted to the students and the work.

COLLEGE NOTES.

There is a lady who is taking the military course at Cornell.

The whole number of students in the collegiate departments of the United States is 32.000.

During the past year five universities have been founded in Dakota, and several more are projected.

A copy of Horace used by the poet Longfellow during his college course, has been given to the Bowdoin college library.

President McCosh of Princeton and President Eliot of Harvard are soon to issue pamphlets of debate concerning elective studies and government of students.

And now the college poets turn
Their muse from things divine,
To paint the emerald virtues
Of the class of 'eighty-nine.

John G. Whittier was a member of the first class at Haverhill Academy. At a reunion of the survivors, who now number thirty-two, he read a poem written for the occasion and also an ode written when he was in the Academy.

The colleges of the United States owe much to wealthy men. John Hopkins gave $3,148,000 to the university which bears his name. Ezra Cornell gave a million to Cornell. Vassar endowed the celebrated school on the Hudson with $800,000. Several have given over $1,000,000 each to Amherst. Many other colleges have been built by the gifts of one man.

At Williams, where the Freshmen outnumber the Sophs two to one, a cane rush was held on the campus and kept up in the dormitories until President Carter suspended seven Sophomores who were ringleaders in the hazing.

The new Bryn Mawr college, built by the Society of Friends near Philadelphia will be opened this month. The total cost of buildings is $200,000, and the endowment fund $800,000. The course of study will be modeled after that at Johns Hopkins.

From sources more or less trustworthy we have gathered the following statements concerning students' expenses at college: The most expensive institutions in this country are Harvard, Yale and Columbia, where the minimum expenses ure from $400 to $600, and the maximum $3,000 a year. At Bowdoin they are from $300 to $800. At Amherst it is fashionable to be economical and the average expense is about $3,350 a year. At Cornell a man may spend $1,100 for legitimate expenses, but he can live, if very frugal, for $350 io to $400 a year.

The Vassar girls ought to be robust. They consumed last year 94,485 pounds of fresh meat, 2,380 pounds of turkey, 3,395 pounds of fresh fish, 7 pounds of mackerel, 30,000 clams, about 100,000 quarts of milk, 14,000 pounds of butter, 22,000 pounds of sugar, 15,000 bananas, 16,000 oranges, 576 boxes of caramels, 400 boxes sardines, 692 pounds of confections, 1,000 dozen ears of corn, 8,000 lemons, 3,000 pounds of coffee, 91 pounds of maple sugar, 40 bushels of onions, 12 gallons horseradish, 71 bushels of salt, and an uncalculated amount of chewing gum.—*Madisonensis.*

Bates has a Freshman class of 41. It is rumored that Bowdoin has a Freshman class of 57. At Amherst there are 116 in the Freshman class. Dartmouth welcomed a Freshman class of 108. Exercises commenced at the Cornell University Sept. 17. The Freshman class number 237 men, about the same as last year. Yale college opened with the largest Freshman class on record,—160 entered the Academic and 90 in the Scientific departments. Princeton college formally opened on Wednesday, Sept. 17. In all there were 212 applications, 168 for the Academic and 48 for the Scientific course.

SPORTING.

Edward Burgess, who designed the Puritan and who has recently purchased her for $13,500, is a Harvard graduate.

In the Maine State College Base-ball league, the Bowdoin nine won the championship, winning every game played but one.

J. P. Shaw, '86, has been elected captain of the Princeton nine for the ensuing year. The nine will practice regularly and play several games this fall.

The Junior crew won the eight-oared race at New Haven on the 14th. Knapp and Shipman of Yale won the intercollegiate tennis tournament October 16th.

The Intercollegiate Foot-ball league this year includes University of Pennsylvania, Wesleyan, Princeton and Yale. Harvard is not represented on account of opposition by the faculty.

At the Intercollegiate sports, held last spring in New York city, Harvard won four prizes; University of Pennsylvania, two first, one second; Layfayette, two first; Columbia, one first, six second; Michigan, one first; and Princeton, one second.

Foot-ball men went into active training at Princeton, Monday, Sept. 21; the Yale team were put to work about the 14th; the Wesleyan and University of Pennsylvania teams have also begun practice; the latter under the direction of a profesional coach.

The annual boat race between Yale and Harvard resulted in a victory for Harvard. The time made by each crew was as follows: Harvard, 25m. 15½s.; Yale, 26m. 30s. This is the sixth race Harvard has won of the series between these two colleges, while Yale has won but four.

The following players have been chosen as the first base-ball team of the college: E. D. Howe, p.; Warfield, c.; E. E. Howe, 1st b.; Rich, 2d b.; Ross, 3d b.; Clark, s.s.; Douglas, l.f.; Clift, c.f.; Alden, r.f.; substitutes, Edgerton, Allen, Klock. The foot-ball team has not been selected.

The Bowdoin Sophomore-Freshman game was noticeable for the unusually good playing for such a contest. The victory of the latter class was due mainly to the excellent work of their pitcher, who struck out twenty-eight men in nine innings, though his catcher muffed six third strikes, leaving twenty-two put out.

REVIEWS.

The monthly installment of Henry James' Princess Casamassima does not unworthily occupy the first place in the October *Atlantic*. This is unwonted praise, but only an acknowledgement of the surprising superiority of this s tory over some of Mr. James' recent productions. In this, vim and interest are superseding enervation and insipid elaboration where the story is flattened out to the last degree of thinness. The charm and entertainment of the present contribution are undeniable. Altogether it is the best sign Mr. James has given us for a long time. On Horseback (IV.) is as usual a star number. It is only further evidence that Mr. Warner cannot put pen to paper without leaving there some wit and reason. He has always something worth the telling and the faculty of giving it the best dress. Here he gives incidentally an interesting aceount of Asheville, which he characterizes as "a sort of fourteenth [Southern] cousin to Saratoga." Mr. Scudder contributes his second paper on Childhood in English Literature and Art and makes rather a poor exhibition. As a survey of English liter ature this paper appears superficial and incomplete. Mr. Scudder's theory that there has been a renaissance in child literature contemporaneous with epochs of human progress, such as the birth of Christianity and the French revolution, is more startling than plausible. The First Abbe Galant is an agreeably written composition. But it is one of those monographs where the writer is much more conversant with the situation than he makes his readers. In this case he seems to presume on a familiarity with the times of the middle ages. It is a picturesquely told romance of the sixth century. Both the subject and treatment of "Upon the Tree-Top," by Olive Thorne Miller suggests John Burroughs and furnish very pleasant reading. The reviews under Recent American Fiction will repay perusal much better than less careful and judicious newspaper criticisms. The full appreciation Miss Murfrie's story of The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain receives suggests the hand of Mr. Aldrich her discoverer, and presumably the reviews are his. The very full review of Miss Howard's last book, Aulnay Tower, is particularly satisfactory. The sting of the magazine is in its tail, and certainly Mr. Aldrich provides this condiment of the whole, Books of the Month. It seems as if here "he lashed out with his tail," slapping pretty freely

right and left, and his thrusts at the small fish of the great waters of publication are sharp with keen satirical wit. It is a very readable play of fun. Chapters of Mrs. Oliphant's A Country Gentleman, and The New Portfolio, two special reviews, a story by Octave Thanet with two passable poems, complete this only fair example of the *Atlantic*.

In the October *Century* the most elaborately illustrated contribution is The Summer Haunts of American Artists by Lizzie W. Champney. It gives us a peek into many picturesque, highly artistic sanctums. It seems reasonable that places where pictures are conceived should make good pictures, and each *atelier* is quite characteristic, an epitome of the *genre* to which the artist inclines. Certainly, from these cuts, the setting of some men's work is wholly in harmony with it. A traveler from point to point mentioned here as an artist's home, would take in perhaps as beautiful spots as the Middle States and New England contain, and scenes varying, according as the painter's fancy is for the sea, the woods, the fields, the picturesque in animal or human life. As an illustrated directory to the resorts of American artists this article is valuable, especially to their professional brethren. A Study in Independent Journalism by George S. Merriam, the author of a recently published memoir of Samuel Bowles, is an account of an enterprise worth recording, the establishment of the Springfield Republican by Mr. Bowles. The Great River of Alaska is continued interestingly in a second paper. A continuation of the Bostonian occupies twenty pages. Mr. Howells contributes a very readable result of a journalistic expedition in which Tuscan cities were to be written up. His entertaining description of these picturesque towns is embellished by many sketchy illustrations. Love at First Sight, a story by Brander Matthews, is such poor stuff that we wonder the *Century* risked the nauseation of its subscribers. The idea of the story is quite intangible and the dialogue irksomely artificial. Doubtful witticisms hang rather unconsequentially on each other. The reflections of an anonymous writer of Zweibak; Being Notes of a Professional Exile, on the appearance of American in comparison with English and German women, are somewhat incoherent and quite unsatisfactory. It might pass as newspaper correspondence, but would not be calculated to increase the circulation. In a monthly magazine of the first order it is out of place. We hope that the publication of the last two mentioned contributions is only a clearing out with the close of the year which the October number completes, of whatever stock of this sort the editor finds himself burdened with. They are pretty poor padding with which to make out the year. A history of the Canada Pacific Railway should be mentioned as an honorable component of this number. Various articles relative to General Grant occupy the latter part of the magazine.

If the *Harpers* under their new arrangement with Mr. Howells, by which they are to monopolize his writings, receive from him as interesting stories as Indian Summer is proving, they should pay him royally. The flow of wit in the October and November number is almost marvellous. There has been considerable denouncement from women of his unfairness in drawing their representatives. This book will not soothe them to retraction. In fact a man in reading it must chuckle up his sleeve at the thought of the wrath it will excite among them, and of their indignant claims of misrepresentation. There will be a contradiction in their disclaimer of the possibility of Mrs. Bowen's jealousy turning her affection to hate and their inevitable recognition of Mr. Colville's charm. He is indeed so charming a man as to make the first possible. We think Imogene's foolishness and lack of sophistication is rather overdrawn. The November *Harpers* contains a notable article on the New York Stock Exceange.

PLUNDER.

"The tom-cat sat on the back yard fence,
His feet were covered with blisters;
He picked his teeth with a rusty tack,
And the wind blew through his whiskers."

Professor of Political Economy: "What is the law of diminishing returns in agriculture?" Fourth Year: "I don't——" Professor, "Oh; well, well, I'll excuse you this time. You are probably not settled in your room yet."

Found—A Maltese soprano cat, singing Old Hundred, on a picket fence late last Thursday night. The owner of said cat will find him, or her, as the case may be, in a vacant lot just back of the house, still beautiful in death.

Young Miss Boston to Harvard oarsman: "I suppose you have read George Eliot's 'Mill on the Floss?'"

H. O. (suddenly interested), "Well, now, it's funny I never heard of it, and I read all the sporting papers too. Was George knocked out?"

Student (translating)—"And er—then—er—he—er—went—er—" Professor, "Don't laugh, gentlemen, to err is human."

Who wonders that crime increases when the *Irving Literary Gazette* starts the above item on its 26th annual trip.

Modern slang is contradictory so far as we can make out, "Go on!" and "Come off!" being exclamation to the same effect. "Go to!" familiar to students of Shakespeare, is a powerful rival of the first two phrases and bids fair to succeed them.

The *Student* states that the Amherst faculty has given another striking illustration of its magnanimity. One of its members announces that absences on account of death are perfectly excusable, and will not be counted as cuts. After this, "O Death, where is thy sting?"

Prof. in Logic: "How many notions are there in this following statement: 'Columbus Sailing on the Atlantic?'" Student—"Two." Prof.—"How do you make that out?" Student—"Well, 'Columbus Sailing on the Atlantic' is one notion, and the Atlantic is *an ocean* also."

A specimen of a student's thoughts at his worst. Aggravated Prof: "Mr. A., I want you to be able to give me this point if I should call for it ten thousand years hence." Student (to himself): "Yes, old fellow, about that time how do you think I'll be able to yell from heaven to hell."

Some years ago a venerable clergyman was asked to make the prayer at the commencement celebration in Cambridge. In the course of his prayer he besought the Supreme Being to "shower his blessings on Harvard College, Andover Institution, the *State Prison* and all other seminaries of public instruction.

Freshie remarked as they were going up the stairs: "Good morning, Miss ——, how are you this morning?" She—"Oh! I'm as cross as a bear." He—"Is that so? Well, then, I guess we ought to be caged, for I'm that way, too." She—"You wouldn't scratch, would you?" He—"No, indeed, bears don't do that, they *hug* don't they?" Exit reporter.

A man in New York who could speak Italian, Portugese, Spanish, Greek, Turkish, French and English fluently, applied to the justice at the Tombs a few days ago for employment. While this unfortunate man was frittering away his valuable time mastering several languages he might have learned the art of pitching a curve ball, and would now be overwhelmed with tempting offers to become the pitcher of a score of professional base-ball clubs.

He saw her glide adown the beach,
Clad in her bathing-dress,—
And vowed he never saw a sight
Of rarer loveliness.

She frolicked in the surf awhile,
And when she came ashore—
The vow he at first had made
He made, ah, nevermore.

We clip the following from the *Vermont News* and the *Police Chronicle*, Middlebury, Vt., notes:

The Ellsworth summer flirtation is busted.

The Ross engagement is only a rumor.

The Varney engagement has not yet beon announced.

The Howe proposal has been emphatically denied.

The Mead alliance is to be perpetuated; no cards. [This is undoubtedly false.]

The Warfield engagement is reported to be a "H.A.P.py" one.

One of the prominent young ladies is expected to wear mourning very soon.

Dana has no one to love him.

Into the glowing grate he gazed
In silent meditation,
Until her eyes the maiden raised
And said, "What's osculation?"

The lover slowly bent his head,
And with some trepidation
He kissed her on the lips and said,
"Sweet love, that's osculation."

Then while her heart went pit-a-pat,
Till she could almost hear it,
She said: "*I thought it must be that,*
Or something pretty near it."

WANTED.

The following numbers of the UNDERGRADUATE:

Vol. I, No. 1, March, 1876.
Vol. I. No. 4, June, 1876.
Vol. II, No. 5, February, 1877.
Vol. II, No. 6, March, 1877.
Vol. V, No. 10, June, 1880.

Address,
THE UNDERGRADUATE,
Middlebury, Vt.

Students Take Notice!

Please patronize those who advertise with us, and thus help your COLLEGE PAPER.

RICHMOND

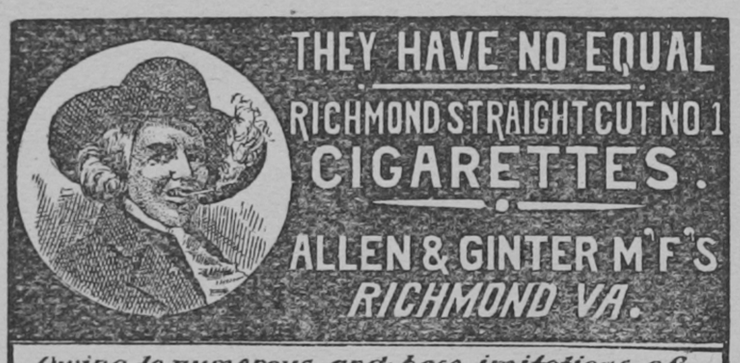
STRAIGHT CUT NO. 1

CIGARETTES.

Cigarette Smokers who are willing to pay a little more for Cigarettes than the price charged for the ordinary trade Cigarettes will find the

Richmond Straight Cut, No. 1,

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.



Owing to numerous and base imitations of this popular brand the public are cautioned to observe that our signature appears on every package.

They are made from the brightest, most delicately flavored and highest cost gold leaf grown in Virginia, and are absolutely without adulteration or drugs.

We use the genuine French Rice Paper, of our own direct importation, which is made especially for us, water marked with the name of the brand—

Richmond Straight Cut No. 1,

on each Cigarette, without which none are genuine. Base imitations of this brand have been put on sale, and cigarette smokers are cautioned that this is the old and orignal brand, and to observe that each package or box of

RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT CIGARRTTES

bear the signature of

Allen & Ginter, Manufacturers, Richmond, Va.

Also manufacturers of well known brands, Richmond Gem, Opera Puffs, Pet and Little Beauties Cigarettes.

SMOKING TOBACCOS, Richmond Straight No. 1, Richmond Gem Curly Cut, Turkish Mixture, Perique Mixture, Old Rip, &c. &c.

FIRST CLASS AGENT

WANTED IN THIS COUNTY

To represent our beautifully illustrated family magazine. Special terms and permanent engagement given to the right party. Any smart man or woman who is willing to work and has the ability to push the magazine can secure a splendid position. Write us at once giving age, particulars of past work and territory desired. Address

COTTAGE HEARTH CO., Boston, Mass.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex succeed from first hour, The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & Co., Augusta Maine.

Alden's Variety Store!

MIDDLEBURY, VT.

Text Books, School and College Supplies.

Special terms to students and professional men.

THIS SPACE
IS RESERVED BY
J. E. NEGUS,
CUSTOM TAILOR,
MIDDLEBURY, VT.

Vermont Episcopal Institute.

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR.

Family Boarding-School for Boys.

Founded by the late Bishop Hopkins, this school is situated within the limits of the city of Burlington on Rocky Point, two miles from the business centre. Twenty-five rods from the shore of the lake and on high ground, it is unsurpassed by any school in the country for beauty and healthfulness of location.

Principal, teachers, and pupils form but one family, and pupils are surrounded by the comforts and social influences of a kind home, Kind and parental in tone, the discipline is firm and salutary.

Much attention is devoted to physical development, for which the well kept playground and other means furnish excellent opportunity. Skating, coasting, and superior bathing facilities abound in their season. *Daily* military drill under an efficient instructor aids in bodily development and the maintenance of wholesome discipline.

Boys are trained for any American college or scientific school, or prepared to enter at once upon a business life.

Such moral and religious training is impressed, both by precept and example, as shall tend to accomplish the great aim of the Institute—to produce *educated Christian gentlemen.*

During the past year, a large amount has been expended in modern improvements on the buildings. Ample steam-heating apparatus has been put in and hot and cold water introduced throughout the building for domestic and bathing purposes.

The school year is forty weeks in length, broken by a recess at Christmas time.

TERMS: Three hundred dollars per annum for boys under fourteen years of age; three hundred and fifty dollars for those older.

Boys resident in Vermont taken at fifty dollars less than the above rates.

Piano or Vocal Music fifty dollars per nnnum.

For catalogue or further particulars address

H. H. ROSS, Principal.

$200,000 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get *free* a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

L. E. MELLEN, D. D. S.,

DENTIST,

NITROUS OXIDE GAS ADMINISTERED.

Office hours, 8 to 12 A. M., 1 to 5 P. M. Office, Buttolph's Block

MIDDLEBURY, VT.

S. E. MEEKIN'S

Shaving and Hair Cutting Rooms,

OVER ALDEN'S VARIETY STORE,

Is the place to get shaved. A clean towel for every customer. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give him a call.

GO TO

W. H. SHELDON'S

FOR

BOOTS & SHOES

Druggists' Sundries, Tobacco & Cigars,

AND THE

BEST OF GROCERIES.

MAIN STREET MARKET.

C. P. LANGWORTHY,

Meats, Vegetables, &c.

A. B. COLBY,

DEALER IN

FANCY GROCERIES, FRUIT, ICE CREAM, ETC.

Choice Imported and Domestic Cigars.

☞ Ladies' and Gents' Cafe in connection.

GENTLEMEN'S BILLIARD PARLOR IN SAME BLOCK.

W. H. KINGSLEY,

Dentist.

UP STAIRS, IN ALLEN'S BLOCK, MIDDLEBURY.

CHAPMAN & CO.,

THE

Cash Clothiers and Furnishers

HATS AND CAPS.

CHILDREN'S SUITS A SPECIALTY.

A. J. MARSHALL,

DEALER IN

COAL,

OFFICE—FREIGHT DEPOT.

Students will Save Money

BY BUYING

GENTS' WEARING APPAREL

FROM THE EXTENSIVE STOCK OF

FRANK A. BOND & BRO.

Everything a man wears is found there at the very lowest prices. Also a large stock of

TRUNKS, BAGS, ROBES, BLANKETS, AND

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.

HELP for worki g people. Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful, 50 cents to $5 easily earned every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalled offer: To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & Co, Portland, Maine.

AWARDED THE GOLD MEDAL,

PARIS EXPOSITION, 1878.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS.

For Fine Writing, **No. 1, 303, 170.** *For Broad Writing*, **294, 389, 849.**
For General Writing, **332, 404, 390 & Falcon—878, 908.**
Other Styles to suit all hands.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS, 91 John St., NEW YORK.